

## THE ABSORBED MESSENGER BOY, THE ENTRANCING DIME NOVEL, AND THE DISREGARDED EXPLOSION



1. "Quick as the lunch in a Park row restaurant the ball was passed to Tough Tommy Terrible Touchback."

## An Atom of Dust.

"Pooh, what is the world?" said a cynical sage, As he looked through a telescope's rim. "An atom of dust in a storm, I'll engage." Well, that may be this wide world to him.

But if it's an atom of dust, then I swear I've got that same dust in my eye. And a wonderful atom it is—with brown hair And red lips and a sweet little sigh.

There's a belt equatorial round her, 'tis true. With a tropical zone near her heart. But her head is no pole, for in knowledge e'en you Will admit that this atom is smart.

Her orbit is straight—from her home to the school. From the school to her home in return. Perihelion, aphelion, she does it by rule With a mighty ambition to learn.

To me she's the world. And I'm proud to confess That I'll give up all else if I must: The universe, suns, stars and moons to possess This one little atom of dust.

TOM HALL.

## A Little Boy's Reason.

GRANDMA—Why, I've washed my face three times a day ever since I was a little girl. ALGY—Yes, and just see how it's shrunk it!



2. "Grasping it with both hands he lowered his heavy head of hair and sprang directly at the centre of the opposing rush line."

## The Amateur Photographer.

Now the camera fiend strappeth on the camera, and saith unto himself, "Aha! Aha!"

And he goeth forth, and the noon-day sun shimmereth on the face of a pretty maid; then he fingereth the snap-shot shutter of his camera nervously, but he does not snap. But he saith unto his-self: "I could a-had that dead easy if I'd a' mind to."

And meandering along, he cometh upon a fin-de-siècle dog fight; and he rubbeth his hands and digits together; again he saith: "Aha! Aha!" But this time with glee. Then he arrangeth the camera for a snap-shot.

He hieth him to a point of vantage and shoots the whole 144 shots.

So the reader may surmise that the photographer lacks artistic appreciation, but the reader is off his feed.

For when the morning cometh, the photographer hieth him to a kinetograph showman and selleth the whole dog fight for seven dollars cash.



3. "Bang! He sent the giants tottering in all directions, filling the air with feet and the mud with faces."

## A Divorce Called Off.

The court room was in tears. Even the hardened attendants wept.

The jury sniffled and turned their eyes up to the ceiling; the judge winked as if the effort to suppress a sob was a desperate one, and the crowd of visitors boo-hoed without restraint.

The case between Griggs and Griggs was suddenly called off. And what was the cause of all these sighs and tears of reconciliation and joy after such a bitter and scandalous feud? Ah, a little mite in the fair plaintiff's arms—a tiny little idol of two lives arrayed in his very finest of garments and brought there for the purpose of touching the hearts of the jury—had been awarded into the custody of the defendant.

There was a hurried consultation, and, before the Court realized it, the contestants had their arms about each other announcing to the Court and jury, as well as the world, the glad tidings that rather than to suffer separation from the little object of their combined adorations they had kissed and made up.

Ring out, ye bells! the glad news to the haut ton world. And so, for the first time in the history of the world, perhaps, a ten-thousand dollar French poodle has been found to be good for something.



5. "As he nears him, coming with the speed of the Empire Express, the audience rise from their seats. Suddenly he crouches and leaps high in the air over the goal posts. Then was the great game won."

CUT HERE.

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## Tempo I.

*ad lib.* *riten.*

Ma-ri-a mine! Ma-ri-a mine! Ma-ri-a, Ma-ri-a mine!

*p* *riten.*

San-ta San-ta Ma-ri-a, My joy, my pride,—

San-ta, San-ta Ma-ri-a, My soul's de-light,—

San-ta, San-ta Ma-ri-a, For life my guide,—

*molto rit.*

I ca-ress you, A God will bless you San-ta, oh San-ta—Minel—

*molto rit.*

SANTA MARIA

AS SUNG AT THE OLYMPIA THEATRE

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